K.Edw. I, if thou ſay I to my requeſt,
No, if thou ſay no to my demand.
Lady. Then no my Lord, my ſute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, ſhe bends the brow.
Cla. Why he is the bluntеſt wooer in Chriſtendome.
K.Edw. Her lookes are all repleate with maieſty.
One way or other ſhe is for a King,
And ſhe ſhall be my loue or elſe my Queene.
Say that King *Edward* tooke thee for his Queene.
Lady. Tis better ſaid then done, my gracious Lord,
I am a ſubiect fit to ieſt withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
King Edw. Sweete widdow, by my ſtate I ſweare, I ſpeake
No more then what my heart intends,
And that is to enioy thee for my Loue.
Lady. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K.Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.
La. Your grace would be loath my ſons ſhold call you father.
K.Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widdow, and thou haſt ſome children,
And by Gods mother, I being but a batchellor,
Haue other ſome. Why tis a happy thing
To be the Father of many children.
Argue no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift.
Cla. When he was made a ſhriuer, 'twas for ſhift.
K.Edw. Brothers, you muſe what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it ſtrange
If I ſhould marry her.
Cla. Marry her my Lord, to whom?
K.Edw. Why *Clarence* to my ſelfe.
Glo. That would be ten dayes wonder at the leaſt.
Cla. Why that's a day longer then a wonder laſts.
Glo. And ſo much more are the wonders in extremes.
K.Edw. Well, ieaſt on brothers, I can tell you, her

Sute

Sute is granted for her husbands lan

Enter a Meſſ

Meſſ. And it pleaſe your grace, *H*
Taken, and brought as priſoner to
K.Edw. Away with him, and ſend
And lets go queſtion with the man
His apprehenſion. Lords along, and
This Lady honourably.

Manet Gloſter, and

Glo. I, *Edward* will vſe women ho
Would he were waſted, marrow, b
That from his loynes no iſſue migh
To hinder me from the golden tim
For I am not yet lookt on in the wo
Firſt is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and
And his ſonne, and all they looke f
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my
A cold premeditation for my purp
What other pleaſure is there in the
I will go clad my body in gay orna
And lull my ſelfe within a Ladies l
And witch ſweet Ladies with my
Oh monſtrous man, to harbour ſuc
Why loue did ſcorne me in my mo
And for I ſhould not deale in her a
She did corrupt fraile nature in the
And plac'd an enuious mountaine
Where ſits deformity to mocke m
To dry mine arme vp like a wither
To make my legs of an vnequall ſi
And am I then a man to be belou'
Eaſier for me to compaſſe twenty
Tut I can ſmile, and murder when
I cry content, to that which greeu
I can adde colours to the Camelio

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBUR